BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only

Original stories or letters only will be used.

5. Write your name, age and address piainly at the bottom of the

Address all communications to Juck Jed, Bulletin Office. "Whatever you are Be that!
Whatever you say Be true!
Straightforwardly act, Be nobody else but you."

ROCK-A-BYE SONG. He Miss Moon is er rockin' in de sky; Her little star chillun is er shinin close by; Ole Marse Sun done shet his eyes to

all de little frogs is er hollerin' "Knee De hoot owls er callin' to each udder in de wood.
better shet yo' eyes up tight and
be mighty good,

mighty good,
Fur, sho, is you is born.
Sumpin's gwine to ketch yo'
Long before de dawn.
Hush-a-gye, ma baby.
Bye-lo-bye. All de mammy birdies is er singin' Baby squirrels safe in de treetops high; Lots of de baby stars is up mighty

Er waitin' fur Marse Sun ter of So that yo' eyes dis minit an' yo' haid. yo' haid,
doan yo' say anulled word.
t shet yo' eyes up tight,
de witches an' de gobblins sho'
trables in de night.

By-lo, hush-a-bye, Bye-lo-bye.

Nellie Robertson Cannon, in the Southern Woman's Magazine.

DREAMS FOR THREE.

Three little dreams flew in from the And they flew in a swift, straight One was a dream of peaches and And that little dream was mine; dreamed that a pretty white cloth was spread

With the round moon set for a dish, And I ate in state of peaches and

As much as my heart could wish. The next little dream was a funny

It came to Molly O'Lear; She thought that she rode on a great green goose
That bucked like a Texas steer;
It flopped about until it knocked her And it cackled. "Gingerbread joke!"
And Molly wondered what that could

And while she was wondering woke.

The last little dream was best of all, It flew to Elizabeth Lee. She swung in a hammock, embroidered with snails, Way up to the top of a tree: And there she found all cuddled away,

In a sort of a cottony nest. No wonder her dream was the best

-Youth's Companion.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

is discolored. This is a simple ex-

If you sit out of a warm evening and look at the stars you will notice that they move; but the earth is going through space fifty times as fast as a cannon-ball and you do not know it

Heat changes water into steam, and in this vaporous form one inch of water becomes 1,900 inches of steam.

The hens were clucking vigorously, because they saw Tommie coming with their breakfast.

The geese and ducks were swimming is so great the world's heavy work is done with it. In this way mills and factories are operated and boats and flying machines are propelled from 50 to 150 miles an hour.

We talk about the world's heavy work and 2 savory smell came from the kitchen telling the wife was preparting breakfast.

The family were sittle breakfast.

people live and die without ever having been made aware our earth is a heavenly body revolving in space just fox."

Father ran to get the gun, but it Father ran to get the gun, but it is severally believed to be severally be severally believed to be severally be severally believed to be severally believed to be severally believed to be severally Every thing in nature moves-not

are changing all of the time. Everything is alive, but nature creates no
racket in most of her wonderful and
mysterious realms of industry.

"I will watch for min, said lather,
and so he did.
In the morning he took the gun with him when he went to milk. While
straining the milk in a can he saw
the fox on the ledges. He quickly
grabbed his gun and fired. The fox even the rocks are stock still; but

LETTERSIGE ACKNOWLEGEMENT.

Miriam Shershevsky, of Norwich: Miriam Shersnevsky, of Storwich:
I thank you very much for the nice
prize book you gave me entitled "Ruth
Fielding and the Gypsies." I have
read some of it and have found it very

irene Stewart, of Jewett City:-I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me entitled "The Boys of the Bible." I find it very interest-

Bertha Adelman, of Yantic;—I read the prize book and was very much satisfied. Thank you very much.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1-Sarah Schatz, of Yantic-In the 3—Pauline Walff, of Manafeld Cen-tre Out-Door Girls at Rainbow Lake. 3—Gabrielle Bujak, of Manafeld Centre—Tae Out-Door Girls in a Win-

The Automobile Girls Along the Hud-8-Louis Ziegelmayer, of Norwich— The Bobbsey Twins at the Sea Shore. 7-Mildred B. Ellis, of Willimantic— Uncle Jim's Bible Stories. 8-Beatrice Ableman, of Norwich-The Out-Door Girls of Deepdale.

Winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A May Basket. One day we asked my mother if we could hang a May basket.

My mother said, "Yes."

That night we sat down and made

one. On Thursday night, May 17th, 1917, we hung it. We hung it to our neighbors door.

That night we started at seven o'clock and went to the store first. Then on the way we put candy in, and many violets; afterwards we

hid. Then my friend came out to find us. We hid behind a stone near an appls tree quits near the house. When they were quite near the stone, we

they were quite near the stone, we ran away. I was caught last because I hid again behind the barn. They did not come there, so I came out again and began to run. They saw me. At last I was caught.

When we came in my friend gave us some candy. Afterwards we played games. The games were blind man's buff, tag, and hide-and-seek. After we had played quite long in the house we went out to play. After we had played quite long in the house we went out to play.

After we got tired of playing we went down the road. We saw a light. We did not know it was an auto. Then we saw such big lights that we ran away as fast as we could. Those lights were so big that we facight they were wolfs eyes. When we went up again the auto was standing by their house. We played tag around their house. We played tag around the auto. We went home at nine

NELLIE MUSIAL. Mansfield Center.

A Fussy Little Violet.

Once upon a time a little violet grew in the woods. It was blue with white in the middle, and thin black lines. The birds sang songs, kissed it and said: "Be glad, oh, little violet." But the violet was not glad. It wished to be big and strong like the other vio-lets. It wished to have large leaves and most of all it wished to go with the big violets. But where did they me to a house and put me into a hole One day the violet asked the tree

The tree said, "I do not know, little violet."

Then it asked the birds and the Then it asked the birds and the breeze, but they did not know.

This made the violet sad. "Will no one come and pick me?" It said.

One day a lady came by. When she saw all the violets she said, "I will pick pick some of these violets, and so she did. The

violets, and so she did. The little violet she picked, too. Then the little violet laughed. She was very proud. She did not say good bye to her old friends. her old friends.

The old tree sighed but she only laughed. But one day she cried. Her blos-

she cried, but the maid did

proud again." PLIZABETH SIMMONS. Buying a Coat.

One day my mother called me and Everything is not exactly what it seems to be to us. The earth is whirling around at the rate of 1,000 miles

My mother paid the money and the lady wrapped up the coat. "Thank you," said the lady. "Call again. Good bye. ELEANOR HUNTLEY, Age 11.

Catching the Foxy Fox.

when we look at the stars, and many ble quacking was heard from the hen-

"I will watch for him," said father,

found, a large, grey fox, shot dead in his search for another chicken breakfast. So ended the life of a thief.

The town cierk gave father the bounty of one dollar and a half and the bx was buried with much rejoicing.

LOUIS RABINOWITZ. Lisbon.

We have a cat named Tommy. He is yellow and white, and has double paws. He can do many things. Here is one which I will mention.

One day when we were in bed, we heard the door bell ring. We waited a while then my sister and I went to the door. We asked, "Who is there?"

Then we heard a meow, and we knew who it was. We opened the door and in bounded the cat, and gave another meow, as if to say: "Thank you for letting me in."

Next night he did the same and my whistle blew father was all through. "Come, Jack, we must go for dinner. Aren't you hungry?"

It makes me awful hungry to work in the woods. Oh, father, we musn't forget the egg."

We'll go right to it now," said father, and they did, but what do you think? The handkerchief was there, all unrolled, and the empty eggshell there, but the little partridge had hatched out and gone.

"I wonder if it's mother came and found it?" asked Jack after looking for it in vain. for letting me in."

Next night he did the same and my father had locked him in the barn. This worked well for a while, but after that he would run away and hide. Then when we were in bed again he "I wonder if it's mother came and found it?" asked Jack after looking for it in vain.

"We shall never know." said father, and they never did know.

BEATRICE ABLEMAN, Age 11.

would ring the door bell and we were obliged to let him in. ROSE BLANCHARD, Age 12.

The Adventure of a Tack.

The Adventure of a Tack.

I was first a slim piece of iron. I was then put in a machine which cut me into inch pieces and made a flat head and pointed end on me. Then I was put in a box with several of my companions and shipped away.

The next thing I knew I was taken out of the box and somebody was pounding on my head. Then a string was hung around me and I was holding up a chart in a schoolhouse. After the chart was taken off I was there for a hundred years.

At last the timber began to rot and I fell out. Then I got stuck in a little boy's foot. He pulled me out and threw me in the fire.

Here I got redhot.

Here I got redhot.
I was then put in a dump-pile with the ashes and knew no more.
DUDLIEY BURR, Age 16.

A May Basket.

In day we asked my mother if we lid hang a May basket.

If mother said, "Yes."

The lungs are two large, pinkish, spongy organs which surround the heart and the large vessels, and fill up all the rest of the chest cavity. So light and spongy is their structure theors' door.

If we hung it. We hung it to our phors' door.

In and went to the store first, and many violets; afterwards we git.

If it is is the larger of the store and many violets; afterwards we git.

If it is is also made up of many groups of smaller parts called lobules, each with its little bronchial tube, air sacs we are with a smooth, delicate liming us.

and blood vessels.

The chest is lined and each lung covered with a smooth, delicate lining called pleura. These two surfaces rub against each other when we breathe. The lining secretes a fluid which keeps the parts always moist and prevents their bubbing on one another.

MARY BOROVICKA, Age 13.

West Willington.

The Adventures of a Chestnut Tree. Oh, I wish I was as large and tall as the other trees, said a small chest-nut tree. My brother and I are so small and the other trees are so tall

The other trees keep saying: You are not patient. When we were small like you we were patient. We waited a long time. Now we are large and tall. You are not patient like we were. We did not believe them at first, but one day my brother said: Let us try to be patient for just one year. Then if we grow any more we shall be like the other trees.

we had grown a whole lot, 50 we thought we would keep on being pa-tient until we were like the other trees.
One sunny day two men came into

the forest. After talking a while they cut a mark on the bark of my brother and I. After a while a wagen came down.

After shaving my bark off they took me to a house and put me into a hole in the ground and they put some things on me and called me a telegraph pole. They made railroad ties of my

brother. CAROLINE BRITTIN, Age 11. Norwich.

The wood of the cedar is strong and reddish in color. The wood of our lead pencils are cedar. Manufacturers use cedar for some kind of furniture. Rosewood, which is used in making plano cases, has a beautiful color and

There are many varieties of maple which are useful in making beautiful-ly grained furniture, while the tall white pine produces useful wood which

Oak is very durable wood and used for shipbuilding. Barrels, posts, fences, shingles and other things are made from ash, birch, beech, cucumber, hemlock and hickory.

In some regions wood is the onl THEORA MAE BENNETTE, Age 12.

Ashford

"Yes," I replicate the store to look the coat.

So we entered the store to look the coat.

So we entered the store to look the coat.

"What do you want," asked the saleslady, as we entered the store."

"I would like to see the coat that is in the window," said my mother.

"I will get it," said the saleslady, and she took the coat down and showed to my mother.

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"I woul

for furs, and the Indians liked the paints much better.

They used to carry their paints in little sacks made of buckskin. The paints were generally in the form of dry powder.

When the Indians wanted to dress up to receive company they took a lit-tle of this powder and mixed it with some tallow from the buffalo or with the oil which they obtained from cer-tain other animals, and rubbed the grease and paint over their faces.

JOHN WISNESKE.

A Smart Handkerchief. One fine day in June Jack went into the woods with his father, who was going to mend a strip of fence. They had just got fairly into the woods when there was a loud whir-r-r-r! and a mother partridge flew up almost into Jack's face, then fluttered off among the dry leaves and bushes and made a noise and a great fues.

their cooking lesson on Wednesday from a quarter past one to a quarter past three.

Each division has a closet in which

Tom rushed out to see what was the matter and then shouted, "A fox, a fox."

Father ran to get the gun, but it was too late. The fox ran off with a chicken.

The mother rantings: "whispered Jack under his breath.

The mother rantings: "The mother rantings: "whispered Jack under his breath. The mother partridge knew well how to call her brood together safely. Jack only saw them an instant, for they all

disappeared among the leaves.

The very next moment they found the nest full of empty egg shells and one egg that had not hatched.

"Don't you suppose it would hatch, father?" asked Jack.

"It might if the stayed on it leaves. "It might, if she stayed on it longer. I believe I will carry it home and put it under old Speckle. She's almost ready to hatch."

So father wrapped the egg carefully in his handkerchief, carried it out to the edge of the woods and laid it on a rock where the sun would shine and keep it warm. Then they went back to the woods to mend the fence. When the noon whistle blew father was all through.

Our Angora Cats.

We have two Angora cats. They are twins. Their names are Purr-Purr.

A lady in Boston gave them to us when they were kittens. They are good hunters.

When they were kittens one of them brought a little snake to the house. They go way off in the woods hunting and they look so much like foxes we are afraid someone will shoot them.

One morning my father saw a fox and he had Purr-Purr up a tree.

MYRA GEER, Age 10.

Leonard Bridge.

Early Days of Connecticut.

Early Days of Connecticut.

In the early times of Connecticut there were very large animals. The lava came down three times and buried these animals up. There was one found on the bank of a river north of Hartford. It was said to be a very large animal.

The first settlement that was made in Connecticut was made by the Dutch in 1614. Soon after the English came and settled and drove the Dutch out. Blok was the first to go up the Connecticut river. Blok was a Dutchman. The English that drove him out came from Plymouth and some from Boston. There was only 1,200 Indians in Connecticut. These were half Pequot Indians. The Pequots were so bold that they kept killing the white men. That brought war. Many of the Pequots were killed. The forts were burned and when they rushed out they were killed by the white men.

The Pequot war started in 1667. Next came King Phillp's war in 1675. This war ended by the death of King Phillp.

ROSE ALMA DEMUTH.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Poor Little Bluebirds. Dear Uncle Jed: Two bluebirds made a nest in my backyard in a crabapple tree. They were very pretty and my mother and father and I watched them from our window, and we all thought they were just lovely; but when the sparrows found out that the bluebirds Oh, I wish I was as large and tak as the other trees, said a small chestnut tree. My brother and I are so small and the other trees are so tall that they make us seem very small, indeed.

The other trees keep saying: You are not patient. When we were small drive them away from the tree; but

drive them away from the tree; but the sparrows would keep coming a i I am sure they made the little blue-birds very unhappy.

There was a tiger-colored cat that tried to get them, too. The bluebirds are not in their nest and we do not see them any more, so I don't know whether they flew away to find a new home or the cat caught them. I home We started to be patient that very home or the cat caught them. I hope day.

When the year was over we found MILDRED BLANCHE ELLIS, Age 3.

The West Chelsea School.

Dear Uncle Jed: The West Chelsea school is situated on a rather high hill and may be seen a few miles off on a bright, clear day.

It is a large wooden structure painted yellow, with white trimmings. It is a two-story building, having three entrances, including an exit to the fire escapes in back. There are two large hallways upstairs and the same num. trances, including an exit to the fire escapes in back. There are two large hallways upstairs and the same number at the bottom, used chiefly for passing into the large and spacious rooms, and also for dressing purposes. Running through all the large rooms are a number of pires, heated by two large furnaces which are attended to by a fanitor.

The school is chiefly used for educational purposes and occasionally for meetings.

ABRAHAM MARKOFF, Age 14.

What They Do at School. Dear Uncle Jed: Elsie McDaniels is

the janitor at our school. She builds the fire and sweeps and dusts. She gets here about 8 o'clock every morning and she washes the boards and puts the chalk on.

Sophie Musial sweeps out the entry in the afternoon. If any hats and coats are down, she comes in and tells "Oh!" she cried, but the maid did not hear her and threw her away with the rest of the violets.

Then she said, "I shall never be Some hogsehold furniture is made.

Some hogsehold furniture is made.

Mildred does the same as Sophie, the does it in the forencon.

only she does it in the forenoon.

I clap the erasers, open the ventilator and shut it, and fir the lunch boxes right. In arithmetic I have multiplication examples, long division, short division, subtraction and addition examples. Nellie Musial passes the papers and collect them. HAZEL McDANIELS, Age 9.

Her After School Play.

Her After School Play.

Dear Uncle Jed: Afternoons after chool I sew for my dolls and make Kennebec river at Bath. hem dresses and hats. And after that the house and play with them, but when it is a good day I put them in their carriage and take them for an airing. And then I bring them home and play with them in the yard.

CATHERINE MCVEIGH, Age 8.

Norwich

The Flag. Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about the flag. We have a flag in school and every morning we hang it up, so this morning my teacher let drop, and Mr. Newton came in a told her it would break, and she will never do it again.
BENNTE BRUCKNER.

Domestic Science.

Dear Uncle Jed: Thinking you would be interested in hearing about I am in the B division, Broadway school. The girls in our division take their cooking lesson on Wednesday

the aprons and caps are kept.
In the cooking room each girl has a gas plate and a chest of drawers in which are kept the cooking stensils this school there are thirty-seven

when the vegetables and fall fruits were in season, the girls in the eighth grades of the Norwich public schools canned and preserved the following: Grape conserve apple jelly orange marmalade, seckel pears, peaches, pears, pepper relish and tomatoes.

These preserves were kept until visiting day last March. They were then sold at reasonable prices to those designer them. The manner received

desiring them. The money received from the sale being used to purchase necessary articles for the cooking At present we are being taught to set the table properly. These lessons are very interesting and heipful. IRENE KIEDASCH, Age 14.

William King.

Uncle Jed: Barefooted, in the rainy weather of the early spring and driving a pair of two-year-old steers, his total capital, William King, who became Maine's first governor, and who was born at Scarboro, Feb. 9, 1765, left his boyhood home at the age of 19, to make his fortune.

The steers were his portion of his father's estate, of which a division had been made. He was a strong boy, big and ambitious, and as he drove them along the muddy and rough country roads he planned what he

would do with the money he carried his with them. Although he offered his services at farms along the road, King felt a queer jerk on my line. I began to pull in, to my surprise the cord to broke and I didn't know any more of broke and I didn't know any more of the services. would do with the money he earned He was profoundly impressed with the noble stream, but as he could get no work at Bath he directed his foot-SARAH SCHATZ, Age 9.

noted for its stirring incidents and its activities in public affairs. King, al-though a self-made man, was one of those rugged Americans who leave their country better than they found it, but whose lives are barely men-

FOES BEFORE AND BEHIND

THE RAM, by Grace A. Burrill of Stafford Springs.

ioned in the nation's history. E. T. LIBBY. Dry Mills, Maine.

Her mother was sick so we had other teacher named Mr. Bignal: after her mother got better she began

to teach again.

We had nine girls and five boys which made fourteen scholars in the school.

The name of my school is the Ledge school because we had a large ledge our supervisor's name is Mr. Bond who lives in Willimantic.

in which are kept the cooking utensils needed by each girl.

Miss Grace Rogers is our cooking ieacher. Besides teaching us to cook instructs us about the value of foods and the proper way of setting a table.

In September and early October when the vegetables and fall fruits were in season, the girls in the eighth grades of the Norwich public schools canned and preserved the following: four teachers. My first teacher's name was Mr. Bignal, the second May Cooper, the third Lillian Amidon, and then Marie Lipps.
PAULINE WOLFF, Age 11.
Mansfield Center.

A Fishing Trip.

Dear Uncle Jed: It was a warm day and a fog was just lifting. I thought it would be a good day for fishing. I went to a friend of mine who's name is Harold and asked him if he would o fishing with me. Harold asked his mother if he could go fishing. His mother told him he of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago,

nows and put one of these on m hook. In about five minutes later the fish. I added some more cord to is half past eight, the line which I had left and put another hook on the line. Then I put the balt on and I began fishing again.

A Robin's Nest.

Dear Uncle Jed: Saturday morning went into the shed and a robin flew up into the corner with its beak full of dry grass, and it went back and forth many times during the day. Sunday morning I looked again and here was a nice big nest.

I never thought a bird could bui'd Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would a good place where crows and naws write to you about my Westford Hill can't get the little ones. I love to watch and feed the birds.

VIOLA M. WATSON, Age 9.

A Trip to North Stonington. Dear Uncle Jed: Last Sunday was uch a pleasant day to me that I wantcar on a short vacation and as he was farm, naturally he was anxious Maybe we weren't glad! The day

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"FRUIT-A-TIVES", the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices - has relieved more cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. In severe cases Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronie Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruita-tives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruita-tives Limited, Ogdensburg, N.Y.



don't seem to me that anything could beat it. The perfume from the apple orchards was so sweet one could hardly realize it wasn't heaven.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

a good many when the time comes to harvest. Farming is great, and I hope some day I will be able to have a farm of After an hour's run, we got home about 6 o'clock, well part for our day's

outing.
LOUIS ZIEGELMAYER, Age 9. William Has Been Very Busy. Dear Uncle Jed: I have been very busy taking care of my hens and chickens. I have fifteen hens and a rooster and twenty chickens to take

care of.

Last week I started to plant my garden. I have a garden all my own, and I planted some potatoes, corn, beans, bests, carrots, radishes and lettuce. Don't you think I will have some work to take care of all that? I hope I will have a good harvest because we need the food very much.

Our school will be out in a week and then I will be busy working in my then I will be busy working in my garden, keeping the weeds out. I hope all the Wide-Awakes will have a garden this summer.
WILLIAM BOUREY, Age 10.

Glasgo. Janitor Work. Dear Uncle Jed: A few months ago Orin Whitehouse and I were janitors at school. He had to make the fire every morning and then he had to

help me.

We had to sweep, dust the desks, clean the erasers, and wash the black-boards. We had to work twelve weeks and each got \$2.50. and each got \$2.50.

I am janitor now for the third time and I get \$5. I have it all alone, with the same work, which I like.

I cannot let the children in until it Sometimes in the morning the fire does not burn well, but it usually

I buy my own shoes, and I think At night when I come home I help my mother get supper.
When she is tired I get it myself.

but I have to ask her many ques-

orchards was so sweet one could hardly realize it wasn't heaven.

We had lunch under the trees, and then Mr. Davis, who lives on the same farm, invited us to look the place over.

He has planted every foot of available soil on the place and it looks as though he would have enough to feed a good many when the time course. After we have had our supper I was

Gabrielle's Employments. Dear Uncle Jed: I make use of my time at home. In spring I help father plant as well as hoe corn, beans and In summer I rake hay. Then I pick

buckleberries, blackberries and rasp berries.

I plant my garden with all kinds of flowers, and then I help my mother pull the weeds out of her garden. In autumn I dig potatoes, husk corn, gather the vegetables, help take them to the cellar. I pick grapes and help mother make jelly.

At home I help mother to cook dinner, sweep the floor, wash the dishented the cows, chickens and pics. I milk the cows and clean the barn. I crochet, sew and cmbroider. I have very little time to play, and some days none at all.

none at all.

I thank you very much for the love-ly prize book you sent me entitled Ruth Fielding at Snow Camp. I read it through and find it very interest-

it il GAIBRIELLE BUJAH, ASS 14.

Manafield Center

My Papa's Flag. put it out was Sunday morning.

How we love to see it ways. I love
our flag, our dear old flag and the
beautiful colors of the red, the walls

AMELIA DAYON, Age 7.



FOR SALE

One 1916 large 6-cylinder Buick, A1 condition

One 1916 small 6-cylinder Buick Couplet, A1 condition

One 1914 6-cylinder Franklin Touring, A1 condition-

One 1916 4-cylinder Reo Touring One 1916 4-cylinder Stuts Bull Dog Special

One 1917 6-cylinder Chalmers Touring, good as new

One 1911 4-cylinder Pope 5 Passenger Touring One 1912 4-cylinder E-M-F Touring

One 1910 4-cylinder E-M-F Touring 4-cylinder Jeffreys 5 Passenger Touring

One 1910 4-cylinder Peerless 7 Passenger Touring

Prices range from \$100.00 up on above cars.

All of these cars belong to our customers which we are to sell for them. Some of them are still at their

The A. C. Swan Co.

Norwich and New London